

But no sooner had I commenced speaking, than the house was thrown into the utmost disorder and confusion through your agency. Your abrupt descent from the 'sacred desk,' and exit from the house, was a signal for a general retreat. The house was instantly in an uproar. Seeing their 'guide' retire, about two-thirds of the vassal audience immediately followed. But they went out at your beck, and not prompted by their own consciences. They were anxious to hear, but were afraid of displeasing their master. But having satisfied the claims of the pulpit, as they supposed, by leaving the room, most of them remained in the entry, literally choking up the doors, so desirous were they of hearing what I had to say. A few had the courage to return and resume their seats, after you had left.

Evening came, and brought together an unusually large crowd for an anti-slavery meeting. But your seat was vacant. Here are the sheep, thought I, as the seats of the spacious town hall were rapidly filling up with men and women, some of whom were from a distance of three or four miles; but where is the shepherd? He fancies they have broken loose from the fold, and that wolves are among them. Has he left them, and fled? Is he indeed a hireling?

As our remarks on Sunday evening were confined to the church and ministry, I was not a little surprised on entering the meeting on the following evening, to find there a large number of men and boys 'of the baser sort,' some drunk, and some sober, apparently much exasperated at our doctrines, and determined, if possible, to put a stop to their spread.

They could not endure to hear their ministers and churches so traduced, and had come to their defence.

The leader of this gallant band, a Mr. Hilton, whose intoxication was that of zeal for the honor of the church, rather than of new rags, was in shirt sleeves as the insignia of his office. Several others had appropriate emblems. The room was filled with a dense, fetid smoke, which was exceedingly annoying, and rendering respiration in some parts of it difficult. On examination, it was found that these fumes proceeded from breathing holes of perfusion in a remote part of the room, which satan had contrived to open for our special annoyance through the lips of some half a dozen of young scoundrels, who had caused to be rolled into the shape of a pig's tail, and put into their delicate little mouths.

Brother Pillsbury commenced speaking, but was soon interrupted by the talking and racket of these young gentlemen of the cigar. Finding it difficult to proceed, he remonstrated against such rude behaviour, and expressed his regret that youth of so much promise should, in an unguarded hour, suffer themselves to be made a cat's paw by their parents, and superiors in age, to tear in pieces the sacred charter of the liberties for which their ancestors bled, and which it should be their highest honor to inherit and transmit to posterity unimpaired. This appeal was not without effect upon most of those for whose particular benefit it was intended. But the speaker had not proceeded far, when he was again interrupted by an outburst of holy indignation at his infidelity and irreverence for man-stealers and their abettors, from an opposite quarter of the house. This proved a more serious affair. Captain Hilton, accompanied by his tipsy companion, Mr. Knibb, made a pass at the speaker. His feelings, it is feared, had been deeply wounded by one of the speaker's remarks, nothing would appear soon of a total retraction of the obnoxious sentiments. They were no non-resistants. They had embraced the Christianity of Concord North Church. They wanted satisfaction, and they knew how to obtain it. Brother P. coolly replied to their demands, that he had spoken the truth, and should make no apology for it. 'Damn you,' said the captain, 'you have slandered and abused us, our ministers and churches, and every thing that's good among us.' 'Damn you,' cried another, 'we shall take that all back,' and immediately seized him by the collar.—The room at this instant exhibited a scene of dreadful confusion and alarm. Observing that the women were preparing to leave the house, I left brother P. in the hands of his assailants, and to the protection of his Heavenly Father, and passed to the other side of the room, for the purpose of allaying their fears, and encouraging them to remain.

As the crowd had by this time become so dense around brother P., that I could not approach him. I stepped upon the railing, and with much strength of lungs succeeded in raising my voice above the roar that filled the house. My expostulations with the mob on the importance of disturbing a free meeting, when all enjoyed an equal right of being heard, succeeded in rearing quiet, when it was found that brother P., with an unfeigned demeanor had protected himself from personal injury, although for a time entirely in the power of infuriated drunkards.

Order having been restored, brother Pillsbury resumed his remarks. But the mob were not yet satisfied. They had not fully vindicated their character, and that of the church and ministry, from the slanderous accusations of the anti-slavery agents. After the lapse of three-fourths of an hour, most of the rioters returned from the hall. Joined, as we supposed, by a new recruit from the bar-room, they soon came back, and commenced a hideous noise in the entry, which entirely overpowered the speaker's voice, and gave signs of another brutal assault. Several persons, who are not abolitionists, but who had hitherto remained silent, now interposed. One of them called upon the combatants to take the leaders into custody, but he declined, on the ground that he had no process. I took occasion to remind this scrupulously conscientious political 'minister of God,' that when I entered your meeting-hall for the purpose of preaching the gospel in an orderly manner, it was not thought necessary to obtain a process in order to dispose of me, but that any member of the congregation who chose, the minister himself not excepted, turned constable, and thrust me from the house.

Finding it impossible to proceed with our exercises, brother P. and myself left it our duty to shake off the dust of our feet, and leave the place. This we did by a short, but solemn and fearful testimony against all those, through whose agency the meeting had been broken up. While recording that testimony, a dead-like silence pervaded the room. Even the infarated ranks of the bearded rioters, who were momentarily threatening to break forth upon us, were overpowered by its fearful import, and silently retired, leaving us at the terms of a coming judgment, leaving us to return in safety and unmolested to our lodgings.

Such are the prominent facts connected with this disgraceful outrage. It only remains for me to submit the question, whether, in view of them, I am not fully justified in the opinion that you were its guilty author. What possible interest had Mr. Hilton and his associates in the breaking up of our meeting? The anti-slavery enterprise does not, and cannot molest them. They have nothing to fear from the prevalence of free principles. The mob was on your behalf. Its avowed object was to defend your character, and that of the church and ministry generally, against what it professed to regard as the slanderous accusations of the abolitionists. How is it, Sir, that the bar-room has disengaged itself to furnish a body guard for the pulpit? Why are the most vicious of your citizens so jealous of your reputation? Can we suppose that they acted contrary to your wishes in this matter? Men may, but will rarely defend us by means that we do not actually approve? You would sooner associate with friends from prison, than with Rogers and his confederates? Is not this mob a living proof that you are co-operating with friends from prison in the perpetuity of slavery, and not with Rogers and his confederates in its overthrow?

Another Specimen.

A letter is published in the *Herald of Freedom*, from our bro. Parker Pillsbury, giving an account of his attempt to deliver an anti-slavery lecture in Chester, from which we extract the following paragraphs:

On Tuesday, we learned that an effort was again making to keep us from the school-house. Brother Amos Chase, however, nipped the project in the bud, by a vigorous and successful search for the key, which he retained until it was time to open the house. Next, a riot was concerted. The Methodist who came so near breaking up our meeting on Sunday evening, told us he had 'labored more than three hours to get us out of the way.' We were much obliged to him, for we had a large attendance, and no disturbance in the house to do the least injury. He, however, forgot to come. So did some one else, perhaps equally disinterested, and who might have also with him labored three hours to prevent a riot; for when we came out of the meeting, we found our carriage, whip, cushions, trunks, gloves, &c., sadly plastered, not with the 'untempered mortar' with which Elder Quimby 'daubs' his flock, but with other, not softer, nor more 'unclean,' ready furnished to hand by some friendly cow. No doubt bro. Rowell did all he could to prevent disturbance; but how could those who see their minis-

ter 'daub' the people with 'untempered mortar,' be expected to do less to our carriage, especially when an honest cow so graciously furnished them with means so much to their taste? The perpetrators of the *cleanly* and highminded act will reap a rich harvest of *laudans* from a *soil so rich*.

By some means, it was rumored in the village that we were in the shop, and in a few moments the little room, entrance, steps and all, were filled to overflowing with a noisy rabble, burning with indignation because, as they said, we were 'seeking to upturn the Sabbath and the church.' A more abusive gang I never met in master-field or grog-shop. I told Mr. Hazleton I congratulated him on his faithful service in the noble work of defending the church. Three men, or something as tall as men, seemed to lead the rabble. Parker, Thompson, and Smith, all members of the Methodist church. Smith was a colored brother. Parker was a white spectator, and there shout was raised. I told him God could by one flash of lightning subject him to the same necessity. Another said, 'Brother Quimby has been here today, and says you said the Methodist church was a brothel.' Another bellowed out, 'They know what a brothel is.' Another shout, with clapping and stamping, almost started up the balls of wax on the benches about us. 'Yes,' bawled another, 'their looks show it.' Another shout. Thus manfully did 'the brethren' defend the churches, as long as we remained.

The part which Elder Quimby has acted in this whole transaction, is dishonest and base in the extreme. He repeatedly assured me that he should be glad to attend our meetings, but could not, and yet went directly by us to a meeting of another denomination, where I can assure him, from a better knowledge of Presbyterians than he possesses, he was not greatly desired, and where indeed he never went before. The two sets might agree to meet at that time, as 'Pilate and Herod were made friends' against Christ, once before. Those who know the origin of the Methodist Society in this place, need not be told by Michael Quimby, that it is greatly loved by his neighbor Presbyterians; for they do not believe it. And after he thus refused to come, he had the baseness to go straight over to Derry, with a handful of calumniators and chandlers, break up our meeting.

But he must answer to the slave and to God for his deeds. And yet, all the while, he professed the strongest regard for the cause of the slave. But he said he had not yet preached to his people on slavery, though he has been among them several months; nor should he, until thanksgiving. May he live till then! Brother Hazleton, too, told us he endeavored to preach ONE SERMON A YEAR, and that on *Festus* day.—These are the abolitionists of our State. No wonder the mob comes to their defence. Valiantly did it rally around the pulpit and church in Derry. And as we rode out of the village, after the noisy interview in the shop, 'the brethren,' or some others, seized our wheels with such violence, that our poor horse had no little difficulty in separating us from their power.

From the Journal of Commerce.

Departure of the Mendi Africans.

The thirty-five surviving Africans of the Amistad, accompanied by his tipsy companion, Mr. Knibb, made a pass at the speaker. His feelings, it is feared, had been deeply wounded by one of the speaker's remarks, nothing would appear soon of a total retraction of the obnoxious sentiments.

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I enclose herewith my answer to the address of Cingue, Kinca, and Kale, in behalf of the whole number before me, to the title-page to the volume. Lack of your kindness to communicate the answer with my best wishes for their safe return home, to them, I have been unwilling to meet them in any public exhibition, which might have the appearance of my partaking in their departure, and tell your countrymen of the blessings of the book which you have given to me. May the Almighty Power, who has preserved and sustained you hitherto, still go with you, and turn to your good and to that of your country, all that you have suffered, and all that may hereafter befall you.

From your friend,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS:

Cinque's farewell remarks, and his expressions of gratitude to God and to his friends, and of regard for good people in America, (interpreted by Kinca,) together with those of Kinca, were singularly appropriate and touching. Kinca was interrogated on several points, to which he responded by an account of his conviction of sin and his turning to God—his love of Christ and the souls of his people, and of all men.

William W. Anderson, Esq., now or formerly Solicitor General for the Island of Jamaica, long and tried friend of the slaves, was introduced. He assured the audience of his deep interest in what he had seen of the Mendians and the mission. He made several statements relative to the missionary spirit existing among the freed people of Jamaica, and the missions commenced by them. Also their rapid improvement, in morals, religion, industry and talents, and of the deputation of caste on that island on account of color.

Near the close of the meeting, the hymn 'From Greenland's icy mountains' was sung by the Mendians and the audience, standing. After the benediction, many of the congregation stopped, and gave a parting hand.

A final meeting was held in the cabin of the steamer as she passed down the Bay.

The following is the correspondence above alluded to:

To the Honorable John Quincy Adams:

Most Respected Sir,—The Mendi people give you thanks for all your kindness to them. They will never forget the efforts you made for their rights before the great Court at Washington. They feel that the time is come, in a large measure, their deliverance from the Spaniards, and from slavery and death. They will pray for you as long as you live, Mr. Adams. May God bless and reward you!

We are about to go home to Africa. We go to Sierra Leone first, and then reach Mendi very quick. When we get to Mendi, we will tell the people of your great kindness.

We shall take the Bible with us.

It has been a precious book in prison, and we love to read it now we are free!

Mr. Adams, we want to make you a present of a beautiful Bible!

Will you please to accept it, and when you look at it or read it, remember your poor and grateful clients?

We read in this Holy Book, 'If it had not been for the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled up against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped.'

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth.

For the Mendi people,

CINQUE,
KINNA,
KALE.

Boston, Nov. 6, 1841.

To the Mendi Africans, Cinque, Kinca, Kale, and thirty-two others, about to return to their native land :

BOSTON, 19th November, 1841.

MY FRIENDS,—I have received the elegant Bible which you have presented to me, through your true and faithful friend, Mr. Lewis Tappan. I accept it, and shall keep it as a kind remembrance from you, to the end of my life. It was from that book that I learnt to espouse your cause when you were in trouble, and to give thanks to God for your deliverance.

I am glad to learn that you have the prospect of returning safe and free to your native country; and I hope and pray that you may pass the remainder of your lives in peace and comfort there.

Remainder of your kind remembrance, I hope, will be with you in the scenes of returning home, and tell your countrymen of the blessings of the book which you have given to me. May the Almighty Power, who has preserved and sustained you hitherto, still go with you, and turn to your good and to that of your country, all that you have suffered, and all that may hereafter befall you.

From your friend,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BOSTON, Nov. 19, 1841.

LEWIS TAPPAN, Esq., New York:

DEAR SIR,—I received, and accept with thanks,

the elegant Bible, presented me by Cinque, Kinna, and the thirty-two other Mendians, who are indebted to you, and your benevolent associates, for their liberty, certainly for their deliverance from slavery, and for their permanent freedom.

They were deeply grieved by the loss of their

parents, and the loss of their home, and now

find themselves in a foreign land.

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